

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 771.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1878.

PRICE 1½d.

PLUNDERING À LA MODE.

WE are not among those who contemptuously depreciate the present in comparison with the past. From all we have read in historical and general literature, what are usually spoken of as 'the good old times' were in reality very bad times. It would be simply ridiculous to affect ignorance of the crimes, the follies, and the shortcomings of the eighteenth century—the atrocious highway robberies, and the piracies at sea; the iniquities of slavery, crimping, and kidnapping; the brutalities of bull-baiting, cock-fighting; the equally unrebuked cruelties exercised on all sorts of animals; the coarse language usually interspersed in the conversation of even the higher classes; the terrible severity of the penal laws, which led to weekly and almost daily executions; the costly and heart-breaking procrastination in ordinary litigation, which frequently amounted to a denial of justice; the corruption and profligacy in high quarters; the odious religious intolerance—exemplified in the Lord George Gordon riots; the drunkenness, which a stern act of parliament failed (as a matter of course) to suppress, but rather to make worse, as we learn from Hogarth's picture of Gin Lane, 'Drunk for a penny, dead-drunk for twopence, clean straw for nothing.' Well-meaning people appear to forget these facts.

No: the world was not better a hundred years ago. It was a great deal worse. In the course of a century, matters have been considerably modified. There are still heavy crimes to be deplored—for instance, the maltreatment of wives, which the law treats with an incomprehensible degree of leniency. With exceptions of this nature, crimes of violence are little heard of. There are no longer robberies by presenting a loaded pistol, in the style of Captain Macheath; for by police agency such would soon come to an end, and besides would be of small account financially. Education, the progress of wealth, and the unregulated desire for luxurious living, have sent crime in a new direction. Cunning has been substituted for personal outrage. The art of

preying on society now consists in highly ingenious systems of cheating. Fraud takes the place of the pistol, being a safer mode of enrichment. While preserving external decency and still figuring in good society, men attempt to defraud their unsuspecting neighbours on a scale which goes far beyond the petty and precarious plunderings of the old highwaymen. If, therefore, the present age is to be complimented, it is on the delicacy, and seeming legality, with which depredators contrive to carry on their operations. Only poor and ignorant creatures rob in the old-fashioned method. The higher order of the craft resort to expedients embracing a species of diplomacy. This is one of the remarkable discoveries of the age. We call it Plundering à la Mode.

A few years ago, a considerable amount of plundering was effected in the form of Foreign loans, also by projecting a certain kind of Joint-stock Companies (Limited), and for a time the country was deluged with prospectuses of schemes, which for the most part were so many traps to catch the unwary. Bad as these frauds were, they had a colour of lucrative business. People lent their money, or became responsible for shares, under the notion of 'making investments.' So far as not blinded by greed, they speculated with their eyes open. The practices to which we have now to refer fall under a slightly different category, and are only beginning to be acclimated among us on a scale hitherto unknown. In this new device of cheating by wholesale, England may be said to follow at a humble distance after the United States. There, the art of laying conscience asleep and putting a fair face on commercial depredation, has attained to a distinction which is as yet but faintly imitated in the slow communities of Europe. We can but briefly allude to a few of the great American doings, such as the stupendous frauds that brought South Carolina to bankruptcy; the speculations and ruin of Life Insurance companies; the collapse of several Savings-banks, by which unfortunate depositors lost millions of dollars; and the villainies developed in connection with the Tammany and

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Erie rings, by which thousands of luckless individuals were plundered, and in many instances reduced to indigence.

A particularly striking instance of deception took place a year or two ago in relation to the stock of a tramway company at Philadelphia. The artist was a young man, John S. Morton, who through family relationship became president and exercised a control over the company. For a number of years he managed affairs honestly, and was universally trusted and respected. In a fatal moment, through the spirit of avarice, he began to speculate in railway shares—and lost. To make good his heavy losses, he borrowed money by bills from banks on the collateral security of fraudulent certificates of the tramway company shares, which were at a considerable premium, and eagerly sought after. To effect this unprincipled act, he procured the connivance of the treasurer and secretary of the company. Thus commencing a course of crime, fresh batches of fraudulent certificates of stock were pledged in security, till at length enormous sums were obtained. Morton, the chief delinquent, was all the time rising in public estimation. He took a leading part in the management of the International Exhibition at Philadelphia, and carried on fresh speculations with a view to relieve his difficulties, but which ended badly, and only increased his indebtedness. In all rascalities of this nature, a trifling circumstance brings about a development. Such was the case in the present instance. Morton had given a note to a bank which fell due on the 15th September 1877. By mistake, he had made a memorandum of the date as being the 25th September. The note was accordingly unpaid on the 15th. The directors of the tramway company were communicated with, and the vast system of fraudulent issues of stock was revealed. The money that had been surreptitiously obtained amounted altogether to one million four hundred thousand dollars, or about two hundred and eighty thousand pounds sterling. Morton accordingly lost caste, and was placed under supervision of the police. What ultimately became of him, we have not heard. In the States, matters of this kind are for the most part glossed over with a facility which is almost ludicrous.

Though still behind as regards miscellaneous cheating, England is getting on. Horse-racing, which used to be a purely sportive recreation, or at anyrate of betting among the higher orders, has latterly degenerated into a comprehensive system of fraud. 'The turf,' in short, has become nearly synonymous with swindling. This new and enlarged character came vividly out in the case of what were called 'the turf frauds,' tried at the Central Criminal Court in April 1877. Five men were charged with defrauding a French lady in Paris, the Comtesse de Goncourt, of the sum of ten thousand pounds. The way they did this was ingenious. Having heard that the Comtesse was fond of betting, they sent her a letter accompanied

by a pretended English newspaper called 'The Sport,' containing an article representing the wonderful success achieved by a Mr Hugh Montgomery, who had invented a new mode of betting on horses by which he had realised a fortune of five hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds. A French translation of the article accompanied this so-called newspaper, which had been specially printed at Edinburgh for the purpose of promoting the fraud. So imposed on, the lady sent the sum of ten thousand pounds to be invested in this wonderful mode of betting. She was, however, asked for a further sum of one thousand two hundred pounds; and this rousing suspicion, led to the detection of the fraud. The prisoners were found guilty. Benson, a clever linguist and chief mover in the scheme, was sentenced to be kept in penal servitude for fifteen years; William Kur, Frederick Kur, and Charles Bale, each to undergo ten years' penal servitude; and Edwin Murray, an accessory after the fact, to eighteen months' hard labour. Only a small portion of the money of which the Comtesse was defrauded was recovered.

No one would deliberately say that the law of England was purposely framed to facilitate fraud. Yet, such is practically the result, as concerns the fabrication of titles to real property. Ordinary usages aid in promoting deception. Much real property—such as dwelling-houses—is acquired on lease for a temporary period, and accordingly the preparation of leases is a business of great magnitude. Excepting in two counties, Middlesex and Yorkshire, leases, like other titles, are not subject to compulsory public registration. The title is a scroll on parchment, very formal and valid-looking; but the purchaser or the lender of money on the property designated, has no absolute security that the transaction is not a trick. The reputation of the solicitor dealt with is usually all that can be relied on, and that, as it appears, may be far from unchallengeable.

About eighteen months ago, the London world was startled by the discovery of an extraordinary series of frauds committed by Frederick Dimsdale, a solicitor of thirty years' standing, at the head of a large business. He was found to have acquired vast sums by fabricating leases of property, and borrowing money on their security. The case was not unlike that of Morton at Philadelphia, being only carried out on a wider scale. Dimsdale could not have carried on his villainies without agents to assist him. His principal confederate was a person named Moore. The frauds were not quite uniform in plan. Sometimes Dimsdale made purchases of certain building sites, which were conveyed to himself, or to persons he named. With a base of operations, leases were executed, and mortgages effected, varying in amount from four hundred to twenty-eight thousand pounds.

On one occasion, Dimsdale represented to another solicitor that he had a client who wished to borrow a large sum of money on mortgage of some property, naming the place in the neighbourhood. The client being of a cautious turn, proposed to ascertain the value of the premises for himself. He went off to see with his own eyes what was the appearance of the property named. To his surprise, he found there was no such road, and no such villas as had been designated. The whole thing was as purely visionary

as if it had been situated in the moon. Making this discovery, the speculation was respectfully declined. Likely enough, some one else took the manufactured titles on trust, lent the money, and lost it.

Tricks of this and a similar nature at length came to an end. An intending lender accidentally discovered that the lease on which he was asked to part with his money was already mortgaged to another person. This led to a general exposure. Dimsdale and his confederates were charged with an accumulation of frauds at the police courts. The guilt was undeniable. By his forgeries and worthless deeds of mortgage he had realised the aggregate sum of at least three hundred thousand pounds; we say at least, for a number of persons who had advanced money on false securities were not willing to come forward and confess that they as solicitors or their clients had been deceived. At the Central Criminal Court, Dimsdale was sentenced to penal servitude for life; Moore, to seven years' penal servitude; and two others, each to an imprisonment for twelve months, with hard labour.

Another case of the same kind occurred shortly afterwards. It was that of Edward Downs, an accountant, who was charged with forging certain leases, purporting to be granted by the British Land Company (Limited); with fraudulently uttering the same, and thereby obtaining the sum of two thousand five hundred pounds. His method of procedure was simple. Having obtained valid leases, which he paid for, from the Land Company, he used them as originals from which to copy any number of forged leases; and upon these forged and valueless deeds he obtained, as we are told, no less a sum than forty thousand pounds. Mr Downs admitted the frauds. The case was duly reported in the London newspapers. No one can say that there are not hundreds of such frauds which never come to the light, and that large sums are lost by lending money on what are nothing better than bundles of waste paper dignified with the name of title-deeds.

A somewhat droll case gained a degree of publicity. A solicitor in Manchester, the last surviving member of a firm of the highest character, represented to some solicitors in London that a client of his, a clergyman, desired to borrow a large sum of money on mortgage. The London solicitors on behalf of a client undertook to make the loan. The title was investigated; all was correct; and a meeting arranged for the title-deeds to be handed over, and the money paid. The solicitor for the borrower presented himself with the mortgage signed; but the solicitor for the lender said he should like to have seen the deed executed by the mortgager. 'There would be no difficulty about that,' said the other; 'my client fortunately happens to be in London; and if we adjourn the meeting for a couple of hours, I will bring him here.' This was agreed to, and at the appointed time he returned with a person representing a clergyman. All was satisfactory; the signature acknowledged, and the money paid. The whole affair proved to be a fraud. The owner of the property had never sought to borrow money on it, and the person representing him was never discovered. He must have been some creature of the solicitor, who for some share in the plunder had personated the client.

The solicitor for the alleged clergyman died—supposed to have committed suicide—before the fraud was discovered; and this was by no means a solitary instance of his dishonesty. He had fallen from a position of respectability into such courses through betting on horse-races. The lender's money was irretrievably lost.

After a variety of disclosures such as we have noticed, there was quite a hurricane of public feeling on the subject. People were alarmed about the validity of their leases and the mortgages on which they had lent money. Suggestions were made through the newspapers that titles and claims affecting property should be registered in public records, open to investigation on payment of a small fee; by which means fraudulent transactions would be impossible. These suggestions met with violent opposition. Various solicitors asserted that under special acts of parliament processes of registration had been set on foot, and proved less or more a failure, for besides being cumbrous and expensive, they were untrustworthy; that in many instances forged deeds were entered in the registers, and forged extracts of searches were produced—all tending to loss and confusion. In short, that a Register 'opens the door to the very frauds it is designed to prevent.'

The objections to the registry of titles were not a little disheartening. They clearly demonstrated two things. First, that solicitors preferred to continue the present hap-hazard system of dealing with purchases and mortgages, as being in their opinion the best, safest, and most convenient, notwithstanding occasional frauds of the Dimsdale type. Second, that there prevailed a general and very extraordinary degree of ignorance of those forms of registration in Scotland, which after an experience of three hundred years, are found in all respects satisfactory. One is inclined to ask, how can it be that in the northern section of Great Britain everything should go well with processes of registration, and where frauds of any kind in connection with land-titles are wholly unknown, while in the southern section of the country under the same crown and constitution, everything should have a tendency to go wrong? That might be called a philosophic question, involving not only legal but social and ethnographic details. If the English, with the assistance of profound lawyers, such as Lords Westbury and Cairns, are incapable of devising a simple and trustworthy system of registration of land-rights, would it be reckoned undignified and improper to take a lesson from their next-door neighbour? The Scotch are willing to give every requisite information on this seemingly intricate subject, which is not intricate at all, but plain and above-board, as any one may learn by a visit to the General Register House, Edinburgh. Surely, before rushing with letters to the London newspapers, denouncing every existing or possible scheme of registration, it would be better for metropolitan solicitors to take a short trip by rail, and discover that a whole people have had for centuries a method of registration, so simple, so complete, so cheap, and so effective, that they regard it as one of their most precious institutions. Why be troubled about new and untried plans of registration, when here is one ready at hand which has been long tested by experience as being an

approach to perfection? Perhaps there is more than ignorance in declining to benefit by the example offered. The introduction into England of the Scotch plan of registering claims on heritable property, no matter how excellent it is, would probably be too great an encroachment on prejudices and traditional usages; and for the advantage of fresh Dimsdales, matters, we suppose, must remain as they are.

It has long been the custom among Life Insurance Companies to lend sums of money on the collateral security of policies of insurance. A person having insured his life, say for five hundred pounds, under the obligation of paying a certain premium annually as long as he lives, has an opportunity of borrowing from the company one or two hundred pounds on depositing his policy of insurance as collateral security, and giving suitable guarantees for payment of the principal and yearly interest. It is not a style of borrowing which we would recommend; for the annual premium and the interest press with a severity not easily to be borne. There is, however, no dishonesty in the practice; and as in the case of pledging goods in pawn, it may be fairly resorted to when serious difficulties have to be overcome. The possibility of imitating for bad purposes this ordinary method of lending money has not failed to excite men disposed to go into the business of wholesale plundering. All they had to do was to get up a sham loan-office, in correspondence with a sham system of life insurance, and so play the game off upon the dupes who haplessly fell into their snares. The thing was done; and as it may be done again, we repeat the sad tale as a general warning.

Some years ago, several adepts at swindling, Wood, Northcote, Thompson, William Shaw, and two or three others, entered into a confederacy by means of sham offices and advertising to defraud the unwary. They offered to lend money on seemingly easy terms. The preliminary condition imposed on the borrower was that he should insure his life in the office of the 'Albion Assurance Company.' The insurance being made, and the first year's premium paid, the dupe was informed that it would be inconvenient to make the loan; whereupon the premium was lost, being so much plunder to be divided by the directors of the pretended assurance company. Great numbers fell into the trap. It appears that the Albion insured lives to the extent of two million pounds; and that Wood, the prime confederate, had for his own share of premiums upwards of ten thousand pounds. The fraud went merrily on, until a dupe, the Rev. Mr Jex-Blake, had the vigour of character to make the system of fraud public. He brought an action against the Albion Company, on the ground that the office was in collusion with the pretended lenders. A thorough inquiry at the instance of the Treasury was the result. The trial that ensued at the Central Criminal Court will be in general remembrance. It came out in evidence that the prime movers in the swindle had different aliases. Wood, for example, had passed himself off as three fictitious personages, Gard, Rogers, and Williams. The jury had no doubt as to the guilt of the prisoners. Wood, Northcote, and Thompson were each sentenced to five years' penal servitude; and William Shaw to two years' imprisonment with hard labour. To

Slinker, an inferior agent, was assigned nine months' imprisonment. Thus, in June of the present year, this gigantic system of plundering was blown up; but it is very doubtful if the commotion that was caused will have any lasting salutary effect, so many are the weak dupes liable to be imposed on.

The moral that might be drawn from the foregoing and similar cases of fraud on a great scale, would be nothing new. It is signified in the term fast-living. Just as idly disposed persons, like Claud Duval, 'took the road' in order to pick up a few guineas to be spent in revelries at the 'Dog and Duck,' with the prospect of Tyburn in the distance, so do men of good standing and education nowadays, for the base sake of living a life of luxury and extravagance for a few years, plunge into courses of dishonest adventure, and run the risk of ignominiously figuring as convicts in penal servitude; that is to say, for a temporary and paltry indulgence, and the vanity of appearing affluent, they are willing to part with the enviable privilege of freedom, and to subject themselves to the most degrading species of slavery. What a taste! The fanatical notion of gaining esteem by high-living and monstrous extravagance is at the root of nearly all the great frauds that have latterly been the torment of society. The chosen doom of Bunyan's 'Muck Raker' was not half so pitiable or contemptible as that of the Dimsdales and other magnificent depredators who betake themselves to PLUNDERING A LA MODE.

W. C.

THE HAMILTONS.

A STORY OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER VII.—THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

Mrs MURPHY's cottage, to which Jack and Phyllis had walked one Sunday afternoon, was nearly three miles from Hamilton Farm, and stood by itself at the top of a gentle slope leading down to the water. From the door of the cottage to the water's edge, a path was worn by the constant tread of feet, and just at the end of this path a few rough posts were driven into the water, to one of which an old boat was carelessly attached by a rope. One morning towards the end of January, the smoke which curled up from the solitary chimney of the hut told that Mrs Murphy was early astir. The children, including the twins, who thrived finely, were all out of bed and in various stages of undress, their little bare feet pattering over the mud floor. The husband, Daniel, was eating his breakfast leisurely, preparatory to setting out for his day's work. Mrs Murphy herself, in rather a negligée costume, was frying chops and transferring them smoking hot to her husband's plate.

From this scene of family life came forth the two little boys Patsy and Jan, who had made friends with Jack as he lay under the great gum-tree. Patsy was nearly seven years old, and Jan a little over six. Those two were great allies, coming so near one another in age; they had never been an hour separate from one another; all their joys and sorrows were one; and they seemed, as their mother sometimes said, to have but one heart between them. Jan, though the younger of the two, had the bolder spirit; he it

was who, when anything specially daring was to be done, usually took the lead; but if he was apt to be the ringleader in mischief, he never shirked coming to the front when punishment was in question. He was also more imaginative than Patsy, who was of a practical though inquiring turn of mind. Neither had ever seen a church or a theatre or a railway train, or any other such product of modern civilisation. Born on the island, they had never left it except to cross occasionally to the mainland with their father in his old boat. And now the active young limbs began to long for motion, and the eyes and minds for change of scene. In quest of some excitement that might break the monotony of their ordinary lives, the two wandered down to the shore of the lake, where they began hunting for the pretty glossy brown spiral shells which are found there. In the course of an hour or two, when they had collected quite a large number, it occurred to Jan that it would be nice to go and sit in the boat and arrange their treasures upon the seats. This served them for occupation for some time, till a new and grand idea began to dawn upon Jan's mind. Supposing that they could loosen the boat, and that he and Pat could work the oar as they had seen their father do, would it not be possible to get across to the other side of the ferry? And then—oh, what fields of delight and pastures new awaited happy boys there! Only a narrow strip of water separated them from the mainland; but on the other side of it, to them lay fairyland, all beautiful and shining, because unknown. Patsy, who had been contentedly arranging his shells in rows and circles and triangles, looked up and saw his brother's brown eyes fixed wide and dreamy on the mainland. He knew from experience that some great exploit was growing into shape in Jan's brain, so after waiting patiently for a little while, he asked wistfully: 'What is it then, Jan?'

Jan's eyes turned slowly on his brother's face, and he drew a long breath. 'Well then, Patsy, I was just thinking, don't you think me an' you could paddle the boat same as father does?'

Pat looked rather awe-struck. 'Indeed then, I think we could. But what then, Jan?'

'Well then, I was just thinking, couldn't we get to the other side that way?'

Patsy meditated. They had never been told not to go, for the simple reason that no one had ever thought of two such small boys dreaming of such a thing; but he had a shrewd suspicion that the proposed expedition was unlawful, and it had therefore a wild and dangerous fascination about it. Besides, the other side looked so much prettier than this; it always does, to older people than Patsy and Jan. There were she-oaks there, and waving bushes to be seen in the distance, which were so enticingly green. There was wonderland over yonder.

While he was considering, Jan had crept to the end of the boat and untied the rope. Already they felt a faint rocking motion beneath them, which was too delicious to be resisted. Without another word Patsy helped to ship the oars, so heavy for their little hands, and they began to work them as they had seen their father do. They were sturdy little fellows, whose muscles were well developed by plenty of fresh air and

exercise, and what they lacked in skill was made up for by perseverance. The process of rowing the unwieldy craft was a trying one to hands so young and inexperienced; the progress though decided was slow. The boat rocked deliciously; they heard the musical swish of the reeds as the boat rubbed its way through; the great flocks of water-birds rose frightened as they approached. How delightful it all was, how mysterious and adventurous! Their little hearts beat fast as they saw the shore of the island recede and the other side slowly approach.

They had reached it now. There were the posts to which their father was accustomed to tie his boat, and with infinite care and pains they succeeded in bringing the boat close to them. The rest was easy; there were only a few casts of the rope to be made and a rough knot to be tied, and then the two adventurers leaped ashore. Did some of the enchantment vanish, I wonder, as their feet touched the land which had looked so beautiful in the distance, but which now seemed, after all, to be wonderfully like the familiar shore of their own island? With us older people, the glamour that distance lends to things and places is apt to disappear when we are close to them; but childhood has a glorious faculty of drawing a veil of enchantment over the commonest things. To children, the earth seems emerald and the sky sapphire; there is a golden light over all, that only melts gradually into 'common day' as childhood wanes and manhood draws near. And so I daresay that to those two little boys the mainland, which they now visited alone for the first time, and which in reality had nothing very picturesque about it, seemed a strange and beautiful place. There was the glorious sense of freedom too, and just a suspicion of the consciousness of wrong-doing to give zest to the whole. For the first hour or two after landing they were supremely happy; they wandered about the braes which sloped down to the water's edge, and found a new pleasure in looking across at their home and contemplating it from an unaccustomed point of view. At last this amusement began to pall upon them; and Jan, still the leading spirit, fixed his eyes wistfully on the line of low bushes in the distance, which shewed brilliantly green in contrast with the grass, yellow and burnt up from the summer heat. The bright green line looked very inviting to their eyes, accustomed to the dead olive green of tea-tree and she-oak. How were they to know that the fatal scrub lay there, where many a life had been hopelessly lost?

'Let's go on a bit, Patsy,' said Jan. 'I'm wanting to see them green bushes over there.' So hand in hand the two little fellows set out at a steady pace.

The distance to the 'green bushes' was greater than they had imagined; the sun was hot overhead, for by this time noon was approaching, and when they reached them, they were glad to seek the friendly shelter. The scrub in that neighbourhood averaged about eight feet high, that is to say, it was high enough to prevent an ordinary man from seeing over it; and at the same time there was no tree strong enough to support his weight, so as to allow him to ascertain his probable distance from clear land. This very want of height, combined with its great extent and its density, was what formed the

exceeding danger of the scrub. It was a great sea of verdure without a track or a landmark, in which men were lost as surely as a ship is lost in the middle of the wide ocean without compass or rudder.

To Patsy and Jan, the tops of the bushes seemed very high above their heads, though the stems at the roots were no thicker than their wrists, and would have failed to sustain even the slight weight of a boy at any distance from the ground. Resting for awhile just at the edge of this trackless waste of verdure, the irresistible inclination to penetrate farther into this wonderful place came upon them, and they rose and wandered slowly on, following what seemed to them to be a track, but which was in reality only one of the numberless blind-paths which wound in and out, crossing one another, doubling on themselves and leading to nothing. On and on they wandered, fearless and happy as yet, pausing often to examine some curious bird or plant or leaf. Novelty lent a charm to the whole. It was past noon before Patsy began to remember that dinner-time must be drawing near, that their mother must be looking for them, and that besides he was hungry.

'We had better go back now, Jan,' he said. And they turned round and began to retrace their steps.

They imagined, poor little fellows, that the apparent path by which they had come was a straight one, and that they had nothing to do but to turn right round and go back to the edge of the scrub just where they had entered it; instead of which they had taken a dozen tortuous windings, and numberless paths which seemed just as good as this, and which intersected it again and again.

Wandering on for what seemed to them a very long time, Patsy at last said timidly: 'Jan, do you think we're going right? Don't you think we should be getting near where the trees stop?'

'Oh, we're just there,' answered Jan in an off-hand manner. 'We *must* be right, you know, 'cause we came straight, an' we're goin' back straight.'

On again in silence for a good while, till Patsy spoke again. 'Jan, this is not the right way. The bushes aren't the same. There was one with a withered stick I saw comin' along, an' we haven't passed it now, 'cause I've been watchin'. And it's much longer besides.'

Jan stopped and looked round him with a puzzled air. 'I don't know how it is, Patsy. We seemed to come all right.'

Ah! poor little boy! Many an older head than his has been wildered by that fatal uniformity, that endless wilderness of green, those seeming tracks, which only lead deeper and deeper into the heart of the deadly scrub.

They sat down for a little under a tree to rest. They were both tired and hungry, and also, though neither would confess it to the other, a little frightened. The loneliness and silence of the place were so intense; no wind to rustle the tops of the bushes; a fierce sun blazing overhead, its rays piercing through the leafy roof above them. They did not rest long; Patsy had begun to think of his mother, and how she would wonder where they had gone to when they did not make

their appearance at dinner; so presently they rose and walked on again.

The long hot hours of the afternoon passed slowly away, and still the two little wayfarers wandered along those interminable paths. Often on coming to what seemed a new track, they turned into it, for they had become hopelessly bewildered now, and they often unconsciously doubled back upon their own steps, thus increasing the distance that their weary little feet had to travel. They scarcely spoke to one another, for they were faint with heat, and their lips were dry and parched; only each held the other's hand tightly, as if seeking comfort and companionship from one another in the midst of that vast and oppressive solitude. At last the sun went down, a grayness fell over all the wood, and they could see the stars peeping down on them between the branches.

'We must lie down here, Jan,' said Patsy, who now had taken his place as the elder, and protector of his brother, while Jan's adventurous spirit was sobered by fear and fatigue. 'We can't get home to-night anyway.'

For the first time, Jan burst into tears. 'O mammy, mammy!' the poor little fellow sobbed out.

Patsy put his arm round his brother's neck as they lay stretched out on the hard ground, and sobbed in company. 'Let's say the prayer Miss Phyllis taught us,' he whispered; and the two childish voices softly repeated 'Our Father.' Then creeping close together, they fell asleep.

Meanwhile Mrs Murphy, whose hands were as a rule fuller of work than they could hold, went through her daily tasks in the little cabin on the island. Patsy and Jan were in the habit of spending their days out of doors, and she was glad enough to get the two sturdy urchins out of her way, so that it was nothing new to her when the forenoon passed without them. They usually came in, like the chickens, to be fed, and then were off again out into the open air. She had dressed the younger children and cleaned her cabin, and washed some clothes and hung them out to dry, and had prepared the potatoes and meat for the mid-day meal. Then was it that for the first time she missed the two boys. As yet however, she felt no uneasiness; they had most likely wandered away over the slope at the back of the house, and had forgotten the time, of which the sun and their appetites usually reminded them. She fed the other children, and put back the truants' portion into the oven, to be kept hot for them. Daniel had taken his dinner with him to his work, and would not be home till evening.

As the afternoon wore away, and the boys did not appear, she paused in her household work sometimes to wonder what had become of them, and once or twice she stepped outside the door and took a long look round, hoping to see the little figures coming trotting down the grassy slopes. Towards the water, she never thought of looking; it never once occurred to her that two such children could have taken the boat and actually left the island. 'Can they have got to their father?' she thought. And gradually as the hours went on, she convinced herself that they had; and that when Dan came home from his work the two tiresome truants would appear with him. She was standing at the door, watching as

the time came near for her husband's return, one of the twin babies in her arms, while the other lay in its cradle within. The other two children, a boy and girl, crawled about the floor, pulling at her gown. There was father at last—a solitary figure coming over the brow of the slope, his axe and pick over his shoulder, his outline standing out dark and clear against the red evening sky. The mother watched for the two little figures which she hoped to see coming over the hill after him; and for the first time her heart gave a throb of fear when she saw they were not there.

'Where's the children, Dan?' she called out as soon as he was within hearing.

'Is it the boys?' he answered. 'I left them here in the mornin'; they haven't been near me all day.'

'They haven't been here all day,' said the woman, trembling, though she tried to hide it from her husband. 'I thought maybe they had found you, father. They haven't been home for bite or sup since their breakfast.'

The father put down his tools and was turning away from the door; but his wife laid her hand on his arm: 'Come in and get your supper first, Dan,' she said. 'Sure the boys are safe enough on the island; and some of the neighbours is sure to know. Maybe they're gone to Judy Maloney's for a drink o' milk; she's willing to give it them always.'

Dan followed her into the house, for he was tired with the long hot day's work, and needed his supper; but the wholesome meal, the tea, the scones of the wife's baking, and the nicely browned chops, lacked their usual zest in the absence of the two bright faces of his boys. Presently he rose up to go. 'I'll just step over the hill to Judy's,' he said. 'Very likely they're there.'

In an hour the husband came back, still alone, and looking pale and scared. 'The boys are not there,' he said. 'None of the neighbours have seen them about.'

The two stood for a minute in silence, looking into one another's eyes, full of vague terror. 'Don't fret, Molly,' said the man at last. 'They can't get into much harm on the island. If it had been the mainland now'—He stopped, struck with a sudden fear, and turning away, he sped quickly down the path towards the water, where his boat had been moored. Almost directly he was back again, with a scared look. 'Molly,' he said in a low voice, 'the boat's gone! They must have taken it; there was nobody else. God help us!' groaned the poor father, staggering to a chair, and covering his face with his hands, while the mother crouched on the floor, too heart-stricken even to weep.

In a minute or two the man seemed to have gathered his faculties together again, for he rose, and his voice was tolerably calm. 'I'm going to Hamilton,' he said, 'to get a boat. They'll help us to search, and so will the other neighbours. Cheer up, Moll; we'll find the boys.'

'O Dan! the scrub!' she moaned.

He shuddered; it was the horrible dread which he had not dared to put into words. Without answering he started off along the now dark track, leaving the poor mother alone with her sleeping children. His first object was to rouse the few neighbours who lived on the island. There was

Judy Maloney's husband, and some other men, nearly all in the employment of Mr Hamilton, and living in tiny houses scattered up and down the slopes; these good folks were eagerly pressed into the service.

The little party at Hamilton had finished tea, and were sitting out on the veranda in the lovely starlit evening, when Dan came panting up after his two miles' run. Bessie had been singing softly to little Bertie, who was nestled close to her on her couch, and half-asleep was gazing up at the twinkling stars. Robert was in his lounging-chair, smoking; and Jack and Phyllis sat near one another, the girl's eyes looking large and deep in the dim light, the young man talking earnestly to her, and listening eagerly for her low-voiced replies, or sweet rippling laughter. All this peaceful scene was changed in a moment when Dan came up to them. 'Can I speak with you a minute, sir?' whispered he to the master.

The colloquy was a brief one, and time was precious. A word or two from Robert sufficed to explain matters to his brother. 'We must get all the horses about the place together at once,' said he, 'and cross with them on the big punt.—How many of you are there, men?' he called out to a little knot who had gathered just beyond the corner of the house.

'We're all here sir,' was the answer.

'That's right!' said the master cheerily. 'Help to get the horses crossed as quickly as you can.—And keep up your spirits, Murphy. We'll find the lads; never fear.'

Then returning to Bessie and Phyllis, who were listening eagerly, he signified his intention of crossing to the mainland with the searching-party. 'The two little fellows have strayed away,' he said, bending over his wife. 'We shall find them not far off, I daresay.'

'O Robert! the poor mother!' cried Bessie, clasping Bertie close to her breast.

Phyllis said never a word; but with characteristic vigour set to work pouring cold tea into canisters, and putting up rations for the men to carry with them; for instinct told her that they might be more than one day absent from home.

In a marvellously short time the horses were gathered in from paddock and hill, and were led down to the jetty, and got on board the punt, which had to be ferried over more than once before the whole party were landed. Phyllis had finished her work, and now stood leaning against a post of the veranda, watching the retreating boat. She sighed heavily when at last they all reached the other side and the lights disappeared in different directions, some going along the road towards Winewa; some turning the other way, and keeping low down by the waterside, to the spot where the boys must have landed. It was the old story; the men went out to face the work, the women stayed at home and waited and prayed!

Jack never as long as he lived forgot the days that followed; although on looking back upon them, they wore to him more the semblance of a dream than a reality. Robert would not allow his brother to separate from him, so those two rode together through the scrub, a part of which Robert, being a thorough bushman, had undertaken to search. Jack over and over again declared

that it was utterly impossible for children to have wandered so far as they rode; but his brother knew better to what marvellous distances children's feet will carry them when they find themselves lost. Besides, he told Jack, though they had now ridden for a long time, the distance they had actually travelled was not more than a few miles; for they had been riding round in an ever narrowing circle, hoping by this means to strike the track of the two little wanderers.

Many hours had now passed in fruitless search, and the sun had risen on another day, when just at the edge of a clearing, they came upon a solitary hut, at the door of which a woman stood, with little children holding her gown and a baby in her arms. They drew bridle and told her their errand.

'And are they both sons of one mother? God help her then!' exclaimed the woman as she clasped her own children the closer. Acting the part of the good Samaritan, she brought out tea to fill the canteens which they had emptied, and gave them bread and meat to help them on their journey.

It was drawing towards the afternoon of the second day of search, and Jack saw that Robert's face was becoming very grave and sad. For some hours they had scarcely spoken to one another, but each was aware that the other had lost hope. They knew that the boys had not been found by any other members of the searching-party; for the signal agreed upon, the firing of a certain number of pistol-shots in quick succession, had been eagerly watched for; but no such sound had broken the oppressive silence of the scrub. To Jack, this silence and loneliness had become horribly burdensome. 'I think,' he said to his brother, 'that if I were here alone for a week I should go mad.'

'You would not be the first who has done so,' answered Robert sadly.

At length Jack felt his brother's hand laid suddenly upon his arm. Robert was peering among the low bushes to his left; and Jack following his glance, saw something under a sheltering branch. Another glance served to shew that the objects of their search were found. There the little fellows lay, clasped in one another's arms; just as they had lain many a night in their cot at home, while their mother had bent over them—that mother who was never again to hear their merry voices. Death had come upon them in that last embrace.

Tenderly untwining their arms, Robert took one little body on his horse, and his brother took the other, and so they made their sorrowful journey homewards.

It was just as Robert had said; they were far nearer the edge of the scrub than Jack had supposed possible after so many hours' riding; and when they reached the lake, they found their fellow-searchers waiting for them, having been gathered there by the reports of Robert's revolver.

Of the grief of the bereaved father and of the still wilder grief of the mother, I cannot speak; over such depths of human anguish it is best to draw a veil. They buried the little boys under the great gum-tree they had loved so dearly, where Jack had first seen them, and where he had told them the Story that perhaps they remembered in the midst of that wild solitude where

they lay down to die. And now, by the waters of the lake, by which they had played out their short happy lives, with the reeds murmuring softly, and the leaves of the old gum-tree rustling overhead, the two boys sleep 'till the Resurrection morn.'

TAPESTRIED HANGINGS.

THE recent establishment in this country of works for the production of tapestry is an event worthy of more than passing interest. This attempt to revive an industry which has long been dead, is but another result of that hankering after the fashions and decorations of bygone days which is such a well-marked feature of the present age. The Great Exhibition of 1851 found us behind other nations in our perception of much that is elegant and refined in taste. But since then a great change has been wrought. We have found out that there is some pleasure in having beautiful things about us—that a jug and ewer may just as well be shapely as the reverse—that even our furniture can be made with a regard to form as well as comfort. In a word, we have discovered that there is a harmony of things appreciable by the eye—which is governed by natural laws in the same manner as that harmony of sounds which is so agreeable to our ears.

There is a vague charm about the word 'tapestry' which carries us back to the homes of our forefathers, before lath and plaster were invented, and bare walls had to be hung with drapery. Let us imagine a visitor to one of these old houses lodged for the night in a tapestried chamber. He may or may not be naturally of a nervous temperament; but at anyrate he feels rather lonely as he lies in the middle of a gigantic four-poster. The dying-out pine-logs cast big shadows across the tapestry—shadows which move with every fitful flicker of the expiring embers—and which seem to make the woven figures change their postures and the expression of their features. The wind moans through the badly fitting casement, and the branches of a neglected tree scratch against the panes. The visitor dozes in his bed with half-formed impressions upon his mind, and perhaps the heaviness of an undigested supper upon his chest. Suddenly one of the fire-logs topples over with some noise; the restless sleeper wakes with a start, and a ghost-story is the inevitable result.

But stories of this kind are connected with mansions of but a few centuries back. They are legends of yesterday compared with the remote time at which tapestry first came to be used in this country. We must go back to the period when men looked to the monastery as the only source of instruction; when the good old monks stitched away at such hangings wherewith to adorn their shrines; and later on, when they had taught the art to others, until the custom had extended to the decoration of private dwellings. Our oldest documents are full of allusions to such hangings; but the word 'tapestry' seems to have often been applied indiscriminately to all kinds of stuff used for such a purpose. Even the famous piece of work known as the Bayeux Tapestry is misnamed, for it really partakes of the character of embroidery.

Tapestry in fact holds a place of its own

among textile fabrics. It differs from embroidery, and it differs from weaving. In the latter we have two sets of threads crossing each other at right angles, the one being called the warp, and the other the weft. The warp is divided into two layers, so that the shuttle and reel containing the material which is ultimately to form the weft, can be passed between them. A treadle causes these two layers of the warp to change position after every passage of the shuttle, so that the thread which it leaves in its trail is interlaced with the warp; and in this way the fabric is gradually formed upon the loom. In machine-loom the shuttle is jerked backwards and forwards at great speed; but in hand-loom, which more concern us just now, the work is somewhat tedious. Now, in tapestry-weaving, the warp remains as we have described it; but the weft, instead of going from end to end of the loom at every journey, is put in in short lengths of such different colours as are required to form the design. In short, each thread of the weft is put in where wanted, and extends no farther. In the course of half an hour the *tapisier* may have occasion to use several dozen different tints, each being wound upon its own little bobbin and kept ready to his hand. He rapidly passes these bobbins between the strings which form the warp, and from the pieces of wool thus threaded between them, the weft is gradually constructed piecemeal as the design is worked out. In embroidery, on the other hand, both warp and weft are already present in the material (such as canvas) which forms the tissue of the work, the needle forming upon it the design required.

The custom of decorating walls with hangings is of very remote origin. In the Proverbs we have a reference to 'painted tapestry brought from Egypt'; and other writers of eastern countries furnish evidence that its use was known from very early times. Starting from the East, the manufacture was gradually adopted by European nations; and it grew in such estimation as to be tenderly cherished as a fine art rather than a mere industry. The Greeks no doubt brought their refined taste to bear upon it, and thus heightened its popularity. But the manufacture reached its zenith in the fifteenth century in Flanders, and more especially at Arras, which place has given its name to all kinds of tapestry, whether manufactured there or not. The town of Arras was taken by Louis XI. in 1477; and the centre of the tapestry manufacture seems from that time to have shifted to Brussels. At the latter city the famous Raphael Cartoons were worked by order of Pope Leo X., for the decoration of the Sistine Chapel at Rome. And the fact of an artist of such fame as Raphael and many others of eminence having been employed to furnish designs for the work, is a proof of the high estimation in which it was held. (Raphael's original cartoons were, by the advice of Rubens, purchased for this country by Charles I. They are now in the South Kensington Museum, London, to which place they were removed some years ago from Hampton Court Palace.)

The French have always been admirers of tapestry, if we may judge by the fact of numerous manufactories being established in their country at different times. As early as the year 1025, such a factory existed at Poitiers, and many other French towns soon after followed suit. The work

was also taken up in the numerous conventual establishments dotted about the country; a circumstance which accounts for the constant introduction of religious subjects, such as martyrdom of saints and the like. In more recent times the celebrated Gobelins manufactory was established, and has made itself famous all over the civilised world for the richness and beauty of its productions.

The most important factory hitherto established in England appears to be that founded at Mortlake in 1619, under the patronage of James I. Charles I. also seems to have interested himself in it. It was here that he caused the Raphael Cartoons to be reproduced; and this product of the Mortlake looms is now in Paris. Other specimens of the work are still extant in various parts of this country. The civil war caused the establishment to break up, to be however reopened in the reign of Charles II. But the death of its promoter, Francis Crane, speedily led to the final abandonment of the scheme, and the works have never since been re-established. Works were also established at Fulham and in Soho. At the latter place were worked the hangings which adorned some of the rooms of the late Northumberland House, Charing Cross. The last of the English tapestry works was at Exeter, where workmen from the Gobelins manufactory were employed. Nearly a century has elapsed since these works were closed. The revival of the art after so many years' rest is an experiment full of interest.

The Royal Tapestry Works are situated about two miles from Windsor Castle, in that part of the borough called 'Old Windsor.' They are at present located in a building which is obviously intended for a private dwelling-house, but which answers well for the temporary home of English tapestry. We say 'temporary,' for the question of a more permanent building is, we learn, only a matter of time. These works are started under the most favourable auspices. Not only have they been endowed with a crown grant of some fourteen acres of land, but they have for a President and Vice-presidents, Prince Leopold, the Princess Christian, and the Princess Louise. The committee include several names of noblemen, many of whom are renowned for their collections of art treasures. We may therefore feel some assurance that the list of patrons is something beyond a mere string of names on paper, to give the scheme a fictitious value, and that it really represents those who will take a personal interest in the venture and who will endeavour to make it a success.

At the time of our visit, a few months since, seven looms were in operation. The workmen employed have been carefully selected for their skill from factories at Paris and Oudenarde. It is very interesting to watch their busy fingers as they weave in the various coloured wools to match the design, which is placed just below the strings which form the warp. The manager of the works informed us that proficiency cannot be gained under at least eight years' diligent attention—a fact which can be well understood when we mention that about ten thousand differently tinted wools are in use. The work produced is, in the opinion of competent judges, equal if not superior to anything ever obtained from a loom. Visitors to the Paris Exposition can see in the Prince of

Wales's Pavilion the first produce of the Windsor Tapestry Works in the shape of an excellent portrait of the Queen, and a series of hangings illustrating the most important scenes in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives*. The looms when we last saw them, were in full work upon some beautiful designs executed by Mr E. M. Ward, R.A., to decorate the house of Mr Christopher Sykes.

In this refined age, when every one who can afford it is anxious to enrich his walls with beautiful pictures, there are doubtless many others who will avail themselves of the work produced at the Windsor looms. On the other hand, the price of a piece of tapestry is necessarily equal to or in excess of that commonly given for an oil-picture by one of our leading artists, and many would prefer to see their money's worth in that shape. It is therefore questionable whether the comparatively limited demand for tapestry will enable the establishment to become permanent. Its promoters have made a bold experiment, and we wish them the success which they most undoubtedly deserve.

JOURNALISTIC AMENITIES.

WHEN Dickens set the reading world laughing over the vagaries of the rival editors of Eatanswill, he rendered good service to the press, by awaking it to a sense of the folly and unprofitableness of mutual recrimination. It is true that there are still newspaper writers

Skilled by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
With all the kind mendacity of hints,

who live by inventing libellous stories and disseminating tittle-tattle about their betters; but such writers usually leave the gentlemen of the press unmolested, wisely preferring to pander to the tastes or supposed tastes of their readers, by bespattering public characters—calculating too surely upon escaping their deserts by some poor apology, should they be called to account.

Newspapers of the Eatanswill type still flourish in America, where no *esprit de corps* restrains the gentlemen of the press from indulging their propensity for unpleasant personalities at the expense of their fellows. It is so much easier to be-fool and be-rogue a writer than to reply to his arguments. Neither reason, wit, nor humour is required to call an opponent a journeyman grammar-smasher; to say of him that 'his nasty little soul is not large enough to fill the socket of a mosquito's eye;' or describe him as 'a beery tatterdemalion,' 'a grit factotum,' and epithets of a similar nature. Charging a rival writer with drunkenness is a favourite method of abuse. Commenting upon an article in the *Virginia Enterprise*, the *Nevada Tribune* speaks of it as having been 'written, no doubt, under the influence of a sort of regret for a misspent life. It is on temperance. Our virtuous and abstemious friend goes on in true teetotal style, and really writes a most excellent temperance sermon. We feel happy to know that our esteemed friend of the *Enterprise* has seen the error of his half-century life, and has determined to keep others from falling.'

Practised as they are at this sort of thing, the journalists of the States might take a hint from their Canadian neighbours. When a politician

named Glass was rather roughly handled by Mr Abram of the *Montreal Gazette*, a gentleman noted for his love of conviviality, the *Montreal Transcript* expressed its sentiments in the couplet:

Strange, such a thing should come to pass,
That Abram should dislike a glass!

But Jack was as good as his master; next morning's *Gazette* replied:

The reason that it comes to pass
Is that it is an empty Glass!

Not that American journalists are unequal to insulting by implication; few understand the art better. A Californian editor invested in a mule, and the fact was chronicled under the heading, 'Remarkable instance of self-possession.' Said one Milwaukee editor of another: 'He is one of the few journalists who can put anything in his mouth without fear of its stealing anything;' and when a Western editor wrote, 'We cannot tell a lie; it was cold yesterday;' his rival quoted the remark with the addition, 'The latter statement is incontrovertible; but the former!'

Said an Idaho journal: 'The weather has been hot again for the last few days; the only relief we could get was to lie down on the *Portland Herald* and cover ourselves with the *Portland Bulletin*—there is a great coolness between them.' This kind of coolness often brings about an amusing interchange of incivilities. A Michigan journalist declared in his paper that a certain editor had seven toes. The slandered man thereupon relieved his mind in a 'leader,' denouncing the statement as unwarranted, and its author as devoid of truth and a scoundrel to boot. The offending gentleman replied that he never wished it to be understood that all the seven toes were upon one foot; and the disgusted victim of the 'sell,' appealing to his readers, asked: 'Are these subjects which ought to be discussed in organs whose duty it is to mould public opinion?' Another worthy, of whom an enemy affirmed that he had just made the strange discovery that he could wag his left ear, did not condescend to impeach the truth of the statement, but made matters even, by declaring the man who gave it currency had both his aural appendages under such control as to be able to fan himself with them in hot weather.

An American newspaper writer is only too pleased to catch a brother tripping. When one journal talked in its leading article of 'battered thunder,' a contemporary politely desired to know if that had any affinity to 'greased lightning;' forcing the explanation that by a typographical error 'muttered thunder' was the article intended.

When a Western editor wrote, 'We are living at this moment under a despotism,' his opponent kindly explained: 'Our contemporary means to say he has lately got married.' When a Southern paper asked 'What is editorial courtesy?' a Northern journal replied: 'Why, it is when a Southern editor is caught stealing chickens at midnight; and his brother editors kindly allude to the matter as a strange freak of somnambulism.' A newspaper writer asserts that his ancestors had been in the habit of living a hundred years; to which another responds: 'That must have been before the introduction of capital punishment.' The proprietor of a Western journal announced his intention of spending fifty dollars on 'a new head'

for it. 'Don't do it,' advised a rival sheet; 'better keep the money, and buy a new head for the editor,' that gentleman being evidently, in its opinion, 'a young man of frugal mental capacity,' as an Oregon journalist delicately termed another.

So long as newspaper writers practise only on their own kind, they merely run the risk of being paid back in their own coin; but when, as is the wont of American journalists, they throw mud at outsiders, retaliation is likely to take a very different shape. Taking pattern from an English actress, a Mrs Thompson, offended by some remarks made by the *Denver News* anent her appearance at a ball, went to the office of that journal and admonished her critic with a cowhide. Then, accompanied by her friends, the angry dame proceeded to the office of the *Denver Tribune*, to insure that journal reporting the affair correctly. The sudden appearance, however, of a large excited female in the doorway with a cowhide in her hand, was too much for the weak nerves of the *Tribune* folk. The following effect was produced, as reported afterwards by one of the fair lady's assistants. 'Ward jumped behind his table and fortified himself with Webster's Unabridged; while Dawson turned off the gas and disappeared under a pile of exchanges, after the manner in which a prairie-dog drops into his hole. This sudden action of the editors, who were hurriedly thinking over their own sins of commission, so bewildered the lady with the cowhide, that by the time she found voice to tell them to come out and speak to her, Mr Beckwith, the proprietor, appeared in the rear and inquired: "Madam, which one of the boys do you want to whip?" She explained that her visit was not a belligerent one. Then Dawson appeared, notebook in hand, pretending he had been looking for it under the table. Ward jumped from his perch, explaining that he had got up there to straighten the books; upon which Dawson observed that he didn't see why he needed to knock over the inkstand to make things snug; and Ward retorted he never before saw anybody turn off the gas to hunt for a note-book. After telling her story, the lady remarked, as she took her leave, that there were several other fellows in town she intended to serve in the same way; and now all the boys who have been a little too handy with their tongues are ordering jackets of sheepskin tanned with the wool on.'

No sheepskin jacket would have sufficed Mr Gumbs in his need. This gentleman—so the story goes—sought to enliven the good people of Cambria County, Pennsylvania, through the medium of a lively, spicy, vigorous, fearless and entertaining paper called the *Cambria Milky Way*. He succeeded in making things lively, very lively—for himself. In his first number he called the editor of an older journal names which we cannot repeat. He stigmatised the mayor as a corrupt magistrate, whose torments from mental remorse were only surpassed by the physical agony he endured as the consequence of his depraved debauchery. He mildly alluded to the postmaster as an official Dick Turpin, whose peculations could only be compared to the terrific robberies committed in times past by those Spanish buccaneers whom he so closely resembled in general character; and finished off by delicately

announcing that a well-known young lady, in rejecting a certain young man, had done the wisest thing possible under the peculiar circumstances of the case. In the next issue of the *Milky Way* its patrons were informed that the editor had found it impossible to go out to collect news items, because the mayor, the editor of the *Cambria Mercury*, the postmaster, Alexander Jones, and a number of other individuals, were sitting on the kerbstone, and roosting around on the back-fence with shot-guns and other murderous weapons, and looking as if they were in earnest! That same night Mr Gumbs slipped down a water-spout and departed for Kansas—more fortunate than his brother out in the Far West, whose organ in announcing its own demise, said: 'Our editor has lately disappeared. According to the latest information, he was last seen under a tree, slightly raised above certain persons who were pulling at a rope'—a way of stating Lynch-law that could hurt nobody's feelings, while as a friendly tribute to the departed it was almost as touching as the *Foxtown Fusilier's*—'We stop the press with pleasure to announce the decease of our contemporary Mr Snaggs, the editor of the *Foxtown Flash*. He has now gone to another and a better world. Persons who have taken the *Flash* will find the *Fusilier* a good paper.'

TEACHING.

WITHIN our recollection, teaching was taken up as a trade by great numbers who were physically incapable of successfully pursuing any ordinary profession. When a boy had a short leg and a long one, or had a hand imperfect in the number of fingers, or laboured under any other infirmity, he was made a schoolmaster. The idea of qualifying him to teach was not thought of, as if the art of instructing came by nature. Sometimes the teachers were men who had broken down in trying to succeed in what Americans call 'the pulpit line.' Treated socially with indifference, and badly paid, teachers in these times took out their revenge in cuffing and flogging pupils unmercifully. A small fault, a slight defect in memory, incurred the risk of a blow on the head with a ruler, which made the victim yell with pain, and raised a lump on his skull the size of a pigeon's egg. In short, as lately as seventy years ago, teachers were for the most part tyrants, with an inordinate love of domineering; very many of them were drunkards; several of them we remember as buffoons. As for the youths who unhappily came under the clutches of these wretches, they had no rights. They were in 'the iron grip of oppression,' and their sense of justice was outraged. Some suffered and sulked, some put on an air of defiance. 'You may beat me as much as you like, but I have made up my mind to learn nothing.' Such we remember was the open declaration of a lad who had experienced a course of brutal misusage. Strange to say, nobody, not even parents, pitied the boys who were so maltreated. The wonder is how anything was learned in such untoward circumstances. The explanation is, that only the very clever boys got on well at school. The education of the others was little better than a farce. Any learning they

had was picked up by chance afterwards. The jocularities of Fielding and Smollett regarding teachers in the eighteenth century are not the least overdrawn.

Only in recent times, when people have begun to see the importance of education as a social and political agent, has it been understood that teaching is a delicate art which needs to be studied like other useful or fine arts, and that it requires much cultivation. Coarse tyrants, 'cankert' cripples, drunkards, and buffoons will no longer be accepted as schoolmasters. Men who profess to teach must be up to their work. On all hands it is recognised that to educate or bring out a child's faculties to their highest development is a task only to be accomplished by the possessors of very fine and rare moral qualities. No amount of mere information will supply a want of firmness, justice, patience, sympathy, and liveliness of manner on the part of a teacher. As for the first of these qualities, it is a *sine quâ non*. If a child do not feel that he can trust his teacher—if he do not know that the teacher has no humours and moods, that his rewards and punishments will follow good and bad conduct with no less regularity than the action of a law of nature, the teacher need not hope to have influence. He may be learned and kind; but for one in the position of a teacher to be weak is to be utterly powerless. Such a one will appear to school-boys 'splendid fun'—a sort of personified joke; but they will at the same time consider him despicable, and beneath their respect or regard. Aiming at popularity, he will miss his mark, and discover that weak-mindedness has been interpreted by his pupils as fear of themselves. Connected with strength of will or arising out of it, there is a sort of magic thing which we can better feel than describe called personal influence. This is an uncommon quality; but it is perhaps impossible to succeed as a teacher without it. Many people are unaware how strongly developed in even very young children is a sense of justice. But that this is the case, every observant teacher soon discovers. The moment a master is known to favour the idle clever boy who does him credit and saves him trouble, that moment his influence for good is gone. 'He's unfair.' This sentence, when it is pronounced by the entire class, ought to be dreaded by every teacher, for it is nothing less than an 'Ichabod' written over his good name that must for ever shut out all possibility of usefulness.

In driving four-in-hand, much skill is needed to get all the horses to do their best. A good driver knows the pulling-power of each member of his team; and while he looks sharply after lazy strength, he makes every allowance for natural weakness doing all it can. And should a teacher of children do less than this? Every honest schoolmaster will encourage plodding boys, however dull. Feeling that he is being paid for making the most of dullards quite as much as of those whose ability puts them in greater sympathy with himself, and who might 'bring grist to his mill' by becoming 'show-boys,' he will do his duty by the dullards, and endeavour to make bricks even without straw. And here a word might be spoken to parents. 'Do not be so mistaken,' we would say, 'about the abilities of your children as to think that a school where attention is given only to

clever boys will do for them. Search rather for one from which the master sends out dull boys who nevertheless pass their examinations, instead of spending all his time in polishing diamonds to blaze in an advertisement. A mere plodding boy was above all others encouraged by Dr Arnold. On one occasion, he had got out of patience, and spoken sharply to a pupil of this kind, when the pupil looked up in his face and said: 'Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed, I am doing the best that I can.' Years afterwards he used to tell the story to his children, and said: 'I never felt so much ashamed in my life—that look and that speech I have never forgotten. If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated.' In speaking of a pupil of this character, he once said: 'I would stand to that man *hat in hand*.' It is a mischievous and cruel mistake to rank mere cleverness above devotion to duty, either in boy or in man; and for this reason every trainer of youth ought to estimate qualities in the order so often insisted upon by Arnold—first, religious and moral principles; secondly, gentlemanly conduct; thirdly, intellectual ability.

Genius has been defined as 'long patience.' But this definition would suit equally well good teaching. Patience, as well as imagination, is required by teachers to note the difficulties of pupils from their point of view. John Wesley once heard his father say to his mother: 'Why do you tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times?' and she replied: 'Simply because if I had told the blockhead only nineteen times, I should have lost all my trouble.' This was spoken in the very spirit of good teaching. But it is not enough to repeat explanations in the same words. A child may see a thing in one light and not in another; and here there is room for great ingenuity in discovering more and more intelligible statements—in ringing the changes of explanation. The teacher might well take hints from the showman, for with children seeing is believing. Lessons should as much as possible be thrown into concrete forms, the abstract being to children what the North Pole has been hitherto to Englishmen. For this reason, the black-board or pictures should be in constant use, and nearly everything, beginning with the multiplication table, should be taught by object lessons. In teaching the simplest words, the child learns sooner and retains better in his mind, those that are illustrated with pictures. Thus he sees in his Primer the figure of a cat, and beneath the figure the letters *c a t*; and associates at once the word with the animal. The old system of rote-teaching and teaching by abstract rules in which to repeat words correctly, was everything; to understand their meaning, nothing. This system sacrifices the spirit of knowledge to the letter, for in proportion as there is too much attention paid to mere words or signs, there must be inattention to the things signified. The method now adopted by all trained teachers is to get particulars learned first, and then the generalisation illustrated as much as possible by appeals to nature.

It need hardly be pointed out how much genuine sympathy a teacher must have with

childhood to understand it. Some teachers seem incapable of thinking back on their own early youth, and give their pupils the impression that they have always been grown up. Feeling in this way not understood, or misunderstood, a child has not courage to state his difficulties. He who is not a student of human nature must fail as a teacher. One of the rules laid down for the guidance of chaplains to military prisons should be equally obeyed in reference to children: 'He shall endeavour by all means in his power, and particularly by encouraging their confidence, to obtain an intimate knowledge of the character and disposition of all prisoners.' The early Jesuits, who were masters of education, were accustomed to keep secret registers of their observations on their pupils; and generations afterwards, when these records were examined, it is said the happy presence of their remarks was strikingly proved by the subsequent success of many who had attained fame.

In the case of the teacher, where liveliness is so all-important, a lifeless manner will fail to be successful in putting information into children. Let the teacher who is always complaining of the inattention of his pupils sometimes ask himself: 'Have I given them anything to attend to?' The teacher must not be a lifeless note of interrogation. Rather he should be the match that fires the train of his pupils' thoughts. His questions will be suggestive, asked not to confound but to encourage. 'Rugby scholars,' says Dean Stanley, 'will at once recall those little traits, which however minute in themselves, will to them suggest a lively image of Dr Arnold's whole manner. They will remember the glance with which he looked round in the few moments of silence before the lesson began, and which seemed to speak his sense of his own position and of theirs also; the attitude in which he stood turning over the pages of a lexicon, with his eye fixed upon the boy who was pausing to give an answer; the well-known changes of his voice and manner, so faithfully representing the feeling within. They will recollect the pleased look and cheerful "Thank you," which followed upon a successful answer or translation; the fall of his countenance with its deepening severity, the stern elevation of the eyebrows, the sudden "Sit down," which followed upon the reverse; the courtesy and almost deference to the boys, as to his equals in society, so long as there was nothing to disturb the friendliness of their relation; the startling earnestness with which he would check in a moment the slightest approach to levity or impertinence; the confidence with which he addressed them in his half-yearly exhortations.'

The teacher should know when his assistance is required, and when not being required it should not be given. As much as possible should be done by children themselves, and as little as possible for them. A good teacher does not think out the lesson for his pupils. Rather he becomes the cause of thinking in them, knowing as he does that 'Easy come, easy go' is a saying quite as applicable to knowledge as to wealth. Of course this implies that the teacher should continue himself to learn, else his mind would become lifeless and incapable of kindling thought in others. An able teacher is never satisfied with the knowledge he may possess at any time during his career of teaching, but keeps himself in constant

training by fresh draughts hastily snatched during recreation hours.

It is very important that children should be made to respect themselves and their abilities by respect being shewn to them. The secret of Arnold's success was that he appealed and trusted to the common-sense and justice of his boys. 'Lying, for example, to the masters he made a great moral offence; placing implicit confidence in a boy's assertion, and then, if a falsehood was discovered, punishing it severely—in the upper part of the school, when persisted in, with expulsion. Even with the lower forms he never seemed to be on the watch for boys; and in the higher forms any attempt at further proof of an assertion on the part of the youth was immediately checked: 'If you say so, that is quite enough—of course I believe your word;' and there grew up in consequence a general feeling that 'it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he always believes one.'

But granted that a teacher has the information and moral qualities necessary, must he not serve an apprenticeship to the art of teaching—must he not be taught to teach? In Germany this has long ago been considered almost a truism. Here it is a valuable discovery, of which we may say 'Better late than never.' We have at last found out that putting up 'Collegiate Institute,' 'Seminary for Young Ladies,' 'Academy for the Sons of Gentlemen,' on huge brass plates; furnishing a large house; or even the assumption of degrees imported from foreign universities—that these things do not of themselves qualify people for that most responsible task of moulding the next generation. More than this, we are now aware, as has been said, that the mere possession of knowledge does not necessarily enable one to teach. Having knowledge and imparting knowledge are by no means synonymous. There is a knack of teaching, partly natural and partly acquired, that distinguishes the well-trained professional teacher from the amateur or the perfunctory pedagogue. In a letter of inquiry for a master, Dr Arnold thus writes: 'What I want is a man who is a Christian and a gentleman, an active man, and one who has common-sense and understands boys. I do not so much care about scholarship, as he will have immediately under him the lowest forms in the school; but yet on second thoughts, I do care about it very much, because his pupils may be in the highest forms, and besides, I think that even the elements are best taught by a man who has a thorough knowledge of the matter. However, if one must give way, I prefer activity of mind and an interest in his work, to high scholarship, for the one may be acquired far more easily than the other.' 'Interest in his work.' Alas! that is precisely what many a poor teacher has not; and we can point to no other remedy than that of properly paying the teacher for his work, which as yet is far from being the case.

Unless some means be taken to guarantee that middle-class school-teachers can teach, the children of middle and higher class people must literally perish for lack of knowledge. In these days of competition they will inevitably be eaten up by the fat kine of the working-classes that are being so well fed in the Board School pastures. Professor Huxley's ideal is that 'the foot of the educational ladder should rest in the gutter, and

its top reach the university.' But how is this to be realised, if the sons of the middle-class look up to unlearned 'Doctors' and are not fed, or even to learned ones who have never received any special training for their high calling? If medical men who practise without due qualification are punished, ought there not to be some natural selection on the part of government of the fittest for teaching the middle-class, and some penalty for those who undertake a work for which they are unqualified?

NEARLY BURIED ALIVE.

THE lectures which have recently been delivered on 'living burials' in a continental city, by a physician of some eminence, go to prove that such things happen in countries where rapid interment succeeds death, much more frequently than the generality of English people would deem possible.

We who hold our dead so sacred, and who err if anything on the side of keeping them too long unburied, must naturally feel a kind of horror creep over us when, from circumstances, we are brought to witness with what haste and want of reverence the last sad ceremonies are gone through in some countries where climate renders speedy interment after decease, an absolute necessity. I propose to relate three marvellous escapes from living burial, which happened to different members of the same family at different periods. The scene was in Italy; the facts were related to me by the daughter of two of the parties concerned; and I shall tell the tale as nearly as possible as she told it to me.

'You will scarcely wonder,' she said, 'at my horror of being buried alive, when I tell you that a peculiar fate seems to pursue our family, or at least did pursue it in the last generation. My father was an only son, and from having been born several years after his parents' marriage, was an object of especial devotion. His mother was unable to nurse him herself, and a country woman was procured from a village at some distance from the château where his parents resided, who was not only well calculated to replace the mother as a nurse, but was of so affectionate a disposition that she seemed to throw her whole soul into her care for the well-being of the child, and lavished as much affection on him as did the real mother. When the age came for weaning him, it was found impossible to accomplish it whilst the nurse remained with him; and so after many terrible scenes, and the most heart-breaking sorrow on her part, she had to go. The boy thrived very well until he was about three years old, when he was attacked by some childish malady, and to all appearance died.'

'It is unnecessary to dwell on the distracted grief of the parents. The mother could scarcely be induced to leave the body, and even though all life was extinct, grudged every moment as it flew towards the time when even what was left of her darling would have to be removed for ever. (The time that was allowed by the government for bodies to remain unburied was three days.) The father had given strict orders that the child's nurse should not be informed of the death of her foster-son until after the funeral, as he felt convinced she would at once come to see him, and he dreaded the effect the sight of her grief might have on his already broken-hearted wife. However,

the order was ill kept, and on the morning of the funeral, after all the guests had arrived, and were grouped round the coffin taking their last farewell of the lovely boy, in rushed the nurse, her hair down, her dress all torn and travel-stained, her boots nearly worn off her feet. On hearing the news, she had started off without waiting for extra clothing, without word or look to any one, and had run the whole night, in order to be in time to see her boy. As she entered the room she pushed past servants and guests, and on reaching the coffin seized the child, and before any one was aware of her intention or had presence of mind to prevent her, she had vanished with him in her arms. It was found she had carried him off to the *grenier* or garret, and had locked and barricaded the door. She paid no attention to threats or entreaties, and all attempts at forcing the door were equally fruitless. The guests waited patiently, hoping that she would before long return to her senses, and bring back the child's body for burial.

'At the end of an hour or more they heard the heavy furniture rolled away and the door opened. The nurse appeared, but with no *dead* child in her arms—the little thing's arms were clasped lovingly round her neck as she pressed him to her bosom. The mournful assemblage was turned into one of joyful congratulation. The woman would never speak of the means she used to restore the boy to life; indeed, although she became from that hour a resident in the family and a trusted and valued friend, she steadily forbore ever referring to the incident in which she played so important a part. She lived to see the rescued child married and with a family of his own around him.

'The heroine of the second anecdote was a first-cousin to the above 'rescued child'—a young lady of thirteen or fourteen years old. After a somewhat protracted illness she, to all appearance, died. The mother literally refused to believe it, although the doctors and the other inmates of the house saw no reason to doubt the fact. The funeral was arranged, the grave made, and the specified three days had come to an end. The mother had never left her daughter's body; she had tried every available means to restore her, but to no avail. As the hour approached for the ceremony to take place, she became more and more distracted, and more desperate in her efforts to convince herself that life still lingered. As a last resource, she went for some strong elixir, and taking out of her pocket a fruit-knife with two blades—one blade of gold the other of silver—proceeded by continual working to force the gold blade between the teeth; when inserted, she poured a drop of the elixir on the blade, then another and another, and tried to make it enter the mouth; but it seemed only to trickle back again and down the chin. Still she persevered, becoming more desperate as the moments flew on to the hour, now so near, when her child was to be taken from her. At the very last, when she was beginning to dread the very worst, she thought she detected a slight spasm in the throat; and on closer examination she became aware that the liquid was no longer returning, as it did at first. She continued the application, every moment feeling more excited and more joyfully hopeful. Presently the action of swallowing became more decided; she

felt a feeble flutter at the heart, and before long the eyes gradually opened, and closed again; but the breathing became quietly regular, and the mother was satisfied that now no one would dispute the fact; so she called her household round her, and proved to them the joyful fact that her child was restored to her, and that no funeral procession would leave the house that day. Before long the child fully recovered. The fruit-knife with its two blades is to this day the most precious heirloom in the family possessions.

'The recovered one lived to form a deep attachment to her cousin (the rescued boy of the first story), possibly from the fact of the strange similarity in their early history; but his affections were already engaged by the young lady whose story we are now going to relate, the facts of which resemble somewhat those already told. This young person was no longer a child when death seemed to claim her, but had reached the age of eighteen or nineteen. She had been suffering from an infectious and dangerous fever, and when the crisis arrived, instead of rallying, she, to all appearance, died. It was the custom of the district in which she lived to dress marriageable girls as brides after death, and to bury them in their bridal costume. The young lady in question was therefore laid out as a bride, in a white dress, orange-flower wreath, and veil. The day before the funeral, the most intimate friend of the deceased, who had been on a visit at a distance, came home, and insisted with floods of tears that she should be allowed to see her. The mother most decidedly refused, explaining that her daughter had been the victim of an infectious fever, and that she could not allow the daughter of a friend to run the risk of catching it. The young lady persisted, and would not leave the house; but the mother, much as it pained her, was firm in her refusal. However, in the evening the young friend being on the watch, saw the paid watcher leave the room to go down to her supper, leaving the door unlocked. She immediately entered, and having reverently kissed her friend's pale face, knelt down by the side of the bed to pray. There were candles at each side of the bed at its head, and two placed on a table at its foot.

'The poor girl was deep in her prayers, when suddenly, without any movement or warning, the dead girl sat up, and said in a sharp tone of voice: "*Que fais-tu là ?*" (What are you doing there?) Startled and horrified to the last degree, her friend sprang from her knees, and in trying to rush out of the room, upset the table on which the candles were placed, and became wedged between it and the bed, her head downmost! Inextricably entangled, she shrieked loudly for help. The supposed dead girl had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and being weakened from illness, she went off into a hysterical fit of laughter; and the more her poor friend kicked and screamed, the more she kept up the duet by peals of laughter. The mother and household hearing the noise, rushed up as quickly as possible. The mother was the first to enter the room, and being a quick-witted woman, at once comprehended the situation; she flew to her daughter, and angrily ordering her to be quiet and not laugh at her friend's misfortune, she pressed her to her bosom, and hastily tearing off wreath and veil, dropped them on the floor and

kicked them under the bed; then calling assistance, she carried the girl into another room and put her to bed. The doctor, who had been at once sent for, ordered her to be taken from home without delay, and they started as soon as was possible. She perfectly recovered; but strangely enough, could never call to mind the startling events of her return to life. *She afterwards married the gentleman who was the hero of the first story.* Her poor friend, when extricated from her unpleasant position, was quite delirious; she had a nervous fever, of which she nearly died, and she never entirely recovered from the shock her friend's sudden return to life had given her.'

On writing to the lady who related these anecdotes for permission to publish, she says: 'You are at liberty to make what use you like of our family story, on condition you do not mention names of family or places; but you may add, that all three who were so nearly buried alive, lived to be very old—my father to eighty-four, my mother and aunt to seventy-six, retaining their health, rare intelligence, and to a wonderful extent, their personal beauty, to the last.'

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER.

THE condition of the enlisted recruit has been very much improved since the Crimean War, both morally and physically. Step by step, first in one direction, then in another, the terms of his contract with his country have all been modified to his advantage. During Lord Cardwell's administration, he personally spared no pains to attract to the army a superior stamp of men. He certainly succeeded. At the present moment, for example, there is hardly a single cavalry regiment in which one commission (and in some regiments more than one commission) is not held by a man who has risen from the ranks. 'The ranker' is no longer looked down upon by his brother-officers; snobism of this sort is stamped out; and the respect due to the individual character of a man is increased rather than otherwise if he happens to have risen by sheer merit. The staff-officers of the army are very dependent upon their non-commissioned officers, and respect them very much; and—as every one knows—the non-commissioned officer is simply the apt recruit promoted as soon as he has shewn of what stuff he is made. The writer knows certain men who exercise a directing influence over important principles of army organisation—exercising it too in consultation with the highest in the land—who only a few years ago were simply non-commissioned officers.

Now the pecuniary position of a soldier depends, as in other professions, upon his qualifications. Hodge enlists from the plough's tail, can neither read nor write, and is a densely stupid fellow. He, however, at once finds himself thus situated: his pay is eighteen pounds five shillings a year; his provisions, his lodgings, firing and light, furniture, clothing and medical attendance, are all found for him; and his only necessary out-goings for laundress, grocery and beer, additions to the regulated ration, monthly hair-cutting, &c. are six pounds a year; recouped, however, by pay for good conduct to the extent of thirty shillings a

year. Hodge's cost to the country for the items mentioned is forty pounds a year. But when it is stated that his daily three-quarters of a pound of boneless first-class meat and two pounds of bread is of the estimated value of sixpence only, or nine pounds two shillings and sixpence a year; when his clothing is estimated at only three pounds a year, and his housing and firing, &c. at only six pounds a year—it is obvious that Hodge could not maintain himself in the self-same necessities of life for so small a sum as forty pounds a year. In other words, his position is worth much more to him than it actually costs the country. He falls sick, and has the best advice, the best nursing, the most suitable medicines irrespective of cost, and is treated in a hospital built with the latest sanitary improvements. For the capital spent upon these hospitals and barracks, not a penny is included in our estimate of forty pounds as the soldier's cost.

Nor does Hodge serve on for life, or even for twenty-one years, as his forefathers in the army did, and then retire upon a trifling pension. The Short Enlistment Act, passed by Lord Cardwell in 1870, has blotted out the possible advantage of pension, but it has substituted a positive equivalent. Our erstwhile clod-hopper is only with his regiment for six years. Having enjoyed the advantages to be derived from daily associations with his colleagues; having profited at the hands of the regimental schoolmasters and the gymnasium instructors; having enjoyed in the regimental library and recreation rooms (fitted with billiard-tables, stocked with chess-men, dominoes, &c.) all the advantages of a plain club-house, with which a good savings-bank is connected, he is discharged. With what? With one pound and his travelling expenses to his village home; a second pound for the two good-conduct stripes he may (and should) have earned; with some trade at his fingers' ends, taught him in the army workshops; and master of upwards of fifty pounds which, if he has been a provident fellow, he will have saved. And furthermore with sixpence a day besides for another six years, during which he may, in the event of national emergency, be called back to his old position. It is true that all this supposes Hodge to be a prudent man; and if he is only prudent and nothing more, he can't fail to land himself thus; whilst if his intelligence is improving, he will probably reap the greater advantages of promotion to the non-commissioned ranks.

Take the case, however, of a smarter man who enlists. Instead of choosing an infantry regiment, say he goes into the transport department, now called the Army Service Corps; there he will get quite thirteen pounds a year more in pay. Or suppose he should prefer being in the rear of an army in action, and has a turn for nursing the sick and wounded; he is about ten pounds a year better off than the infantry soldier, and is especially well fed; besides, he may be apt at learning to compound prescriptions, and thus earn another eighteen to twenty-seven pounds a year. If a man handy at anything at all like a trade, or with any clerical ability, goes into the Engineers, he is certain of making sixteen pounds a year more than his colleague in the Infantry.

The foregoing facts and figures represent only the minimum value of the position of a soldier of good character. Beyond these, an intelligent well-conducted young man may confidently hope to

secure extra pay of nine to eighteen pounds a year for extra duty. He may equally rely upon some promotion increasing his income; many of the sergeants fill appointments for which, in addition to the pay of their rank, they draw twenty to fifty pounds a year.

Fuller details are given in three parliamentary papers issued on the motion of Mr Pell; Nos. 182, 183, and 190, Session 1878. Twopence will purchase the three.

HOT SPRINGS IN NEW ZEALAND.

In the last annual Report of the Colonial Museum, Wellington, New Zealand, analyses are given of the water of fifteen hot springs in the Rotorua district, accompanied by descriptions which in some instances are very remarkable. For example, Tapui Te Koutu, a pool eighty feet deep, with a temperature of 90 to 100 degrees, with westerly or southerly winds; but if a change to north or east takes place, the water rises four feet, and the temperature to 180 degrees. Turi-Kore is a water-fall with a temperature of 96 to 120 degrees, in great repute among the Maoris for the cure of all cutaneous diseases. Kuirau, 136 to 156 degrees, is so soft that clothes can be washed in it without the use of soap. Koroteoteo, a boiling spring, 214 degrees, is known as the 'Oil-Bath.' Kauwhanga, a powerful sulphur-bath, bears the name of 'Pain-Killer.' Ti Kute, the Great Spring, three-quarters of an acre in extent, boiling furiously, and always throwing off great clouds of steam, is 'reported to be wonderfully efficacious in cases of rheumatism and cutaneous diseases.' With such an abundance of medicinal waters, New Zealand will some day attract patients from afar, and rival our Bath, Buxton, and Harrogate.

A U T U M N.

On ! not upon thy fading fields and fells

In such rich garb doth Autumn come to thee,
My home ! but o'er thy mountains and thy dells

His footsteps fall, slowly and solemnly.

Nor flower nor bud remaineth there to him,

Save the faint-breathing rose, that round the year
Its crimson buds and pale soft blossoms dim

In lowly beauty constantly doth wear.

O'er yellow stubble lands, in mantle brown,

He wanders through the wan October light,

Still as he goeth slowly stripping down

The garlands green that were the Spring's delight.

At morn and eve, thin silver vapours rise

Around his path; but sometimes at mid-day

He looks along the hills with gentle eyes,

That make the fallow woods and fields seem gay.

Yet something of sad sovereignty he hath;

A sceptre crowned with berries ruby red;

And the cold, sobbing wind bestrewn his path

With withered leaves, that rustle 'neath his tread;

And round him still, in melancholy state,

Sweet, solemn sounds of death and of decay,

In slow and hushed attendance, ever wait,

Telling how all things fair must pass away.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.